

How Winter Left Town

Brendan Galvin

It looked like a band of archangels
had started a walkout in the high-bush
blueberry and chokecherry tangles
edging the fire road, divesting their wings
and tossing them in where the sun
doesn't touch down before the end of March,
and a few days later, at the base
of the high pines over there, I thought
I saw a line of off-white laundry
felled by the wind—the fool-me-twice
shape-shifting of the snow, its color
ascended into a full Worm Moon
later to be adored by thumb-sized frogs,
and the body of snow misted into air
to fall back elsewhere as rain,
and still more to fly up over marsh grass
in the grayed-out form of a northern harrier—
until, back down on earth and April
come to light, Thane Gould filled my tank
at Thunder's Sunoco, the only old snow
a sad rag hanging from his coveralls.